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A New Song of Songs

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A NEW

Song of Songs.

I'm going to sing a song, as well as I can do,
So listen with attention and my ditty I'll run through,
The subject I have chosen, is a curious one you'll say,
For it is the song of songs, sung at the present day.

This is the song of songs, sung at the present day,
And as I name them in my rhyme attention give I pray.

I Dream't I Dwelt in Marble Halls, with Bessy a Sailor's Bride,
I'm a Young Man from the Country, with Maggie by my side;
The Captain with his Whiskers, has gone to Dixey's Land,
I'm going to Limerick Races, with Nancy in the Strand.

I'm as happy as a King, for I've had Good News from Home,
From the Cottage and the Water Mill, I have no wish to roam,
The Young Man bred a Carpenter, made love to Fanny Blair,
Long Barney met the Whistling Thief, when he went to Limerick Fair.

I'm going for a Soldier Jenny, Come whoam to thi Childer an'me
Oh, Didn't she seem to like it, on the Banks of the River Dee.
Lord Lovel stood at the Garden Gate with sweet Miss Nightingale,
And the Wooden-legged Parson, was Preaching for Bacon,
whilst sitting on a Rail.

The Boatman Danced, and Sally come up, with Mick of Castlebar,
And Uncle Sam drove Peggy out, in the Low Backed Car,
Billy Barlow sat on a Three-legged Stool, Down in Piccadilly,
I'm the Girl called Nancy, and don't I love my Billy.

Gentle Annie is learning the Liverpool A, B, C,
'Tis a fearful night the Pilot cries, Oh, Woodman spare that tree:
The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue, the Golden Glove has found,
The Bobby is in the Kitchen, and the Dodger is Bobbing around.

Aunt Sally and my Old friend John, are far upon the Sea,
I'm the Happiest Fellow Out, But not so fat as I used to be;
Have you seen my Sister, the Perfect Cure did cry,
I'd choose to be a Daisy, said the Spider to the Fly.

Old Bob Ridley's gone to Charlestown, and with him took Dog Tray,
The Village Blacksmith couldn't work, so he sent for Peter Gray
'Twas in the House, that Jack Built, Far, far away where Angels dwell,
How's your Poor Feet, Nelly in the Hazell Dell.

Where are you going on Sunday? Katty darling don't look Shy,
There's Room enough for All, but No Irish Need Apply:
Cheer Boys, Cheer, Be a Brick, there's Happy Days in Store,
Now if you please to buy a song, I'll ask for Nothing More.



THOU ART REMEMBERED STILL.

Oh! yes, thou art remembered still,
By one who loves but thee,
Thy parting words my bosom fills,
Yet art thou true to me;
I'll not forget the solemn vow,
You made when last we met,
Grav'n here I cannot now,
Thy last fond words forget.
Oh! yes, &c.

You ask if I remember thee,
The only one I lov'd
Oh! yes, thou art remembered still,
Though absent, still belov'd;
Oh! could thou see the burning tear
That's falling now for thee,
It would soon banish all thy fears,
That I was false to thee.
Oh! yes, &c
